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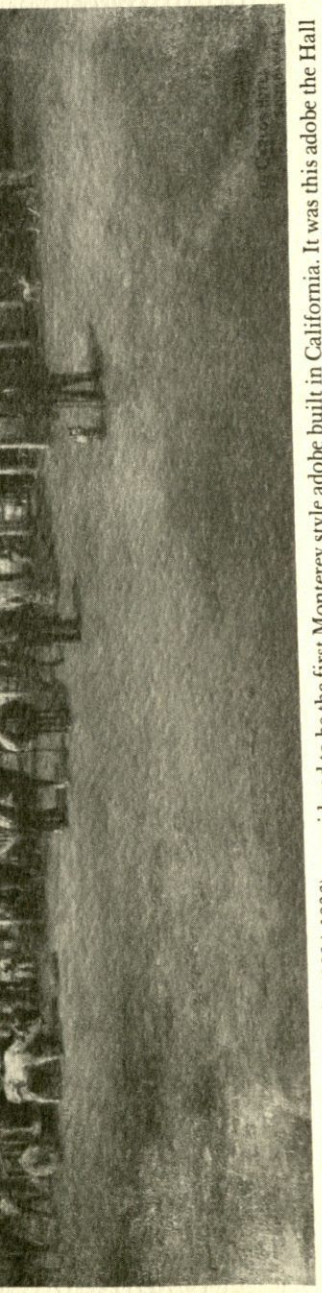

The Alpheus Thompson adobe (1834-1836), considered to be the first Monterey style adobe built in California. It was this adobe the Hall family ran as the St. Charles Hotel in the early 1860's. Painting by Alexander Harmer. Santa Barbara Historical Society

THE MEMOIRS OF LULU HALL GREEN

By Merlyn Chesnut

Mrs. Chesnut is the great-granddaughter of Lulu Hall Green. She resides in Lompoc.

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In 1858, Smith's Flat burned, destroying everything but Hall's store; after the fire it was decided not to rebuild, and Mr. Hall started the new town of Alleghany by putting up a new store and later a saloon in a new location on a steep hillside. After being imprisoned in huge drifts of snow for five days without food during a severe storm, he decided to sell his store in 1860, taking his family to the warmer climate in Santa Barbara by steamer from San Francisco. Lulu describes their trip:

> We took the steamer for Santa Barbara the next day to take charge and develop a ranch of a friend of Father's at Carpinteria. The steamer landed us on the beach by the sailors wading and carrying us through the surf. There was no wharf in that sleepy old mission village by the sea of 1860.
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> What a wretched, dilapidated old Spanish town it was; beef-head bones with spreading horns were at nearly every adobe. There was not a hotel in the place, but one kept by a Spanish woman; we were compelled to go through the kitchen to reach our bedroom. The furniture was an old mattress and a pair of fearfully dirty blankets on a tumbled down old bedspread. The dinner kept several of the family busy to keep the chickens, ducks, pigs and a pet deer off the table long enough for us to get through.
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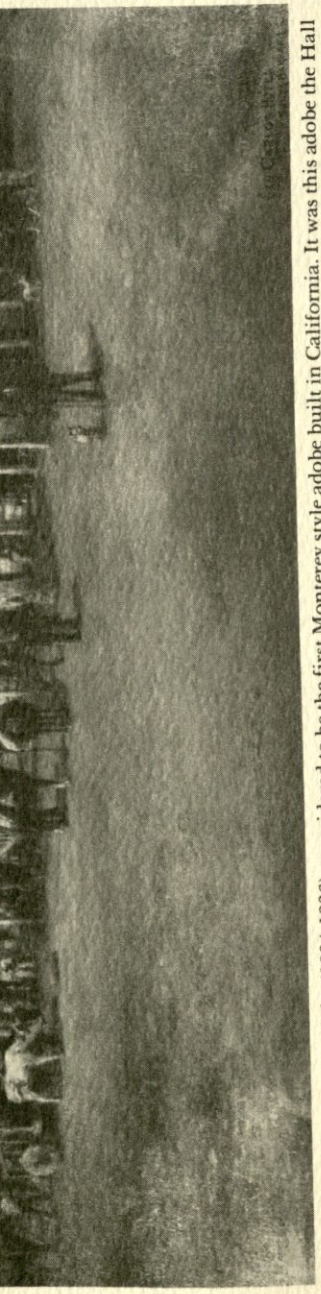
> My parents decided that it would be advisable for us to reach our destination twelve miles south of Santa Barbara before night, so procuring a wagon and team, we were *en route* for the farm, which was occupied at the time by three bachelors, so we expected to find better accommodations than those of the hotel. The gentlemen were considerably surprised by the arrival of a lady in camp, and an astonishing amount of house cleaning was done in a very few moments . . . We remained on the farm in Carpinteria for about a year, then moved about two miles north of the city of Santa Barbara twice during that time.



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In addition to being a magnificent home and storage for business acquisitions, this structure was occupied in December, 1846 by Colonel John C. Fremont and his battalion, who raised the American flag from the upper gallery. It has always been rich in local color and a significant part of the history of Santa Barbara. It was this building that the Halls visualized as a hotel. Lulu writes:

> The free outdoor life of the farm was wonderful, but we were ready to do more. Envisioning the possibilties of a hotel in Santa Barbara, Father obtained the large, magnificent two-story Thompson adobe, which had storerooms on the bottom floor with walls three feet thick. The narrow windows, embedded with heavy iron bars, had heavy oak shutters.
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> Upstairs, this luxurious home was entered from an outside stairway to a porch twenty feet wide along the south side of the house facing the ocean. A reception room, twenty feet by forty feet, was located on the street end of the building, wonderfully papered by Japanese pagoda temples, peculiar Japanese landscapes, and birds most gorgeous. The next room was a ballroom, forty feet square; the floor was heavily painted in twelve inch black and white squares. The rest of the house was divided into living apartments, so it was not difficult to make the upper floor, by partitions, available for living. The first floor, however, required light; the shuttered windows were enlarged, and a new one added, giving the necessary illumination for the saloon dining room.
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> We were comfortably settled in our new environment, and on Christmas Day, 1861, we opened the first American conducted hotel in Santa Barbara* by a grand ball, and I found myself, a child of twelve, one of the only two American girls in Santa Barbara and was put forward in society to fill the place of one older. I had wondered if there were enough people in that place to make a success of it. In the mines, Smith's Flat and Alleghany, there had always been such a scarcity of ladies, but the new hotel had become of great interest to the Santa Barbara populace, and it was a big success. After the California fashion, it lasted until daylight. There were no lighted streets in those days, and a dance was about the only social event. At the hotel dances, the gentlemen far outnumbered the ladies, so partners were abundant for the females.
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> That year also proved to be a flood year for California, and as it was the beginning of the Civil War, troops were sent to the old Presidio. The colonel and captain and their families remained at the hotel, taking all the vacant rooms the house contained during the long weeks of rain, flood and destruction to life and property in this state. We only had occasional news as the roads

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Samuel

Rachel

Lulu

The Hall Family Meryln Chesnut

The town at this time was probably a hamlet of small adobe homes with tile roofs. Adobe was turned to as building material because it was available underfoot, provided coolness in summer and warmth in winter; the floors were often dirt, but there was at least one adobe structure that stood out. This was the adobe built by Alpheus B. Thompson in 1834 for his bride, Francisca Carrillo. It was for many years the only two-story dwelling and was considered the largest and most pretentious home in Santa Barbara, standing in the center of town, facing the ocean. You could see all parts of the town and the blue Pacific beyond. It had a great wide corridor, extending around the upper story from which rooms opened, and was considered the first to have a shingled roof, French windows, papered walls, and was beautifully furnished.

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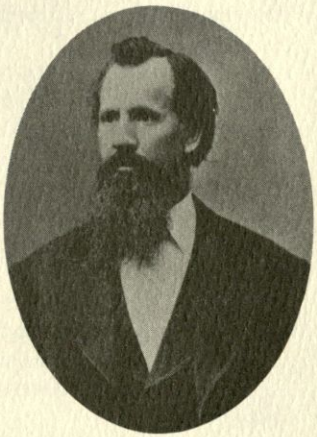
were impassable, and steamers missed many of their weekly trips, but the "pirate's castle" sheltered us, and the ballroom had plenty of room for games, the wide veranda for exercise. I often wondered how Mother managed, with the help she could get, to furnish three meals a day that were so satisfactory to all. No doubt, her home training as the eldest girl in a family of twelve had prepared her.



Captain Matthew W. Furlong, skipper of the schooner "Eustice", which plied the Pacific waters from San Francisco to Baja California. Engaged to Lulu for a short time, he eventually married Clarissa Langley and settled in San Francisco.
Santa Barbara Historical Society

In 1862, Lulu went to Mrs. G.M. Blake's Young Ladies Seminary in Oakland, the first boarding school for young ladies in California. Lulu describes a sailing trip back to Santa Barbara during vacation:

> Father came to San Francisco with Captain Furlong, the skipper of the local schooner which ran between Santa Cruz Island, Santa Barbara, and San Francisco, who had become a family friend. They came for supplies for the hotel and had to bring me home for summer vacation. After several days of sightseeing and attending the theatre in the city, for "The Captain", as all of Santa Barbara called him, was a delightful escort, we boarded the schooner "Ann Doyle" for our sailing trip home—my first experience of sailing.
>
> When I woke the next morning, it took me some time to realize whether I was I or somebody else. Over my head was pandemonium. I sprang up, giving my head a bump on the ceiling above me that woke me fully to the fact that I was in a berth of the cabin of the schooner, and that she was getting up sail for the homeward trip to Santa Barbara. I lay still for some time, interested in the commands of the Captain overhead as the sails were raised.

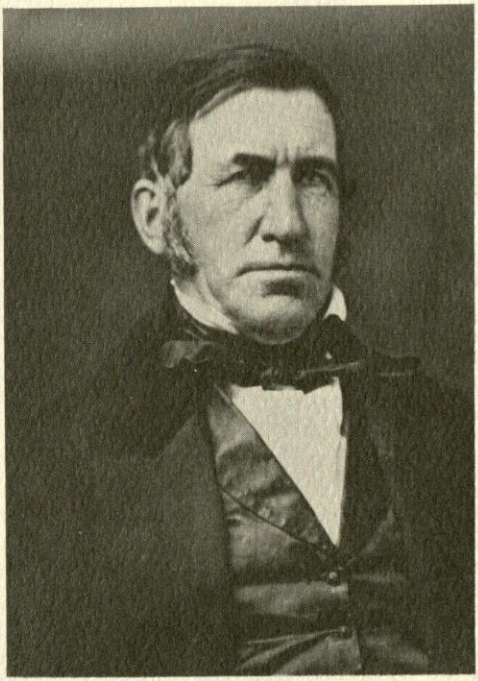
My childhood steamer trips had, I thought, made me very familiar with ocean travel, but this was a new experience decidedly, and when we were free from the wharf and swinging out into the bay under sail, I decided to go out on deck to see what was going on. I found there was some part of me that wasn't a bit interested in scenery and became more and more so as my berth began to roll and wobble most distressingly. I had never been seasick on the steamers, but this was surely a new experience, and I didn't like it. As long as my head was on my pillow, I was comfortable, but raise it and all the accumulated miseries of ages surged over me.

At the close of my vacation, Father gave a farewell dance. My things were all packed. We danced until the steamer gun fired; then the entire party adjourned to the shore to bid me farewell. Did something warn me that I had parted from my Santa Barbara home forever?

After operating the St. Charles for approximately four years during the Civil War period from 1861-1864, her father sold the hotel to devote full time to mining in Arizona, staking several claims. After Indian uprisings there, the Halls moved to Santa Cruz in 1867. During their trip with Captain Furlong, the ship had tied up at Santa Cruz wharf to load with lumber for Santa Barbara. While waiting, they had gone ashore for a carriage drive, seeing what a few years later was to become their home for many years. It was there that they pioneered the first campground summer resort in California at Capitola, which proved to be a big success, and they later began the development of Sea Bright. Mr. Hall is also remembered in the annals of Santa Cruz County as the New Englander who designed and built the Soquel Congregational Church.

The St. Charles Hotel in the mid 1880's. Used by numerous businesses over the years, the adobe gradually fell into a state of disrepair and was torn down in 1913. Site is presently occupied by Picadilly Square shops. Santa Barbara Historical Society

Lulu started the first Sunday School there. She was later a resident teacher of the blind at the state deaf, dumb, and blind asylum in San Francisco and a public school teacher in Soquel. She and Captain Furlong, who was well remembered in Santa Barbara as the captain of the beautiful schooner "Eustace", were engaged for many years, but in later years, parted; she later married Harvey Green. After his death in 1873, she returned to Soquel to assist her parents in the operation of their resorts, and was later the owner, operator, and hostess of a local resort at the mouth of the San Lorenzo River, Santa Cruz, which stood high on the cliff, overlooking the city and its beautiful harbor.



Alpheus Thompson was a successful merchant in the maritime China Trade. His marriage in 1834 to Francisca Carrillo allied him with one of the most distinguished and powerful families in California.
Santa Barbara Historical Society

The St. Charles operated for many years as a hotel, and this is part of the story of the family who first recognized that possibility. Several clusters of these two story porched adobes similar to the St. Charles, later termed Monterey style in architecture, were constructed in California, and the St. Charles is considered to be the first of these structures. In March, 1913 this original building was torn down and an historic era had ended.

It is the hope that these writings and this information will fill in one of the gaps in the history of this famous adobe and contribute a little more color and knowledge of the unique past of this structure and of those earlier times in Santa Barbara that are now long gone.

THE SAMARKAND SCHOOL TO RETIREMENT HOME

By Robert M. and George E. Frakes

(Robert Frakes is a Santa Barbara native and a Ph.D. candidate in History at UC Santa Barbara. George Frakes is a professor of history and Chairman of the Department of History and Geography at Santa Barbara City College.)

The year 1986 marked a change in the Samarkand section of Santa Barbara, as a new building program transformed the Evangelical Covenant Church's Samarkand Retirement Community grounds. This construction came some 70 years after the completion of the original buildings on this site, the Boyland School. A new administration and meeting hall facility has replaced the older tennis courts and clubhouse that had served the three phases of the life of the Samarkand facility: school, hotel and swim and tennis club. The retirement community administrator, the Reverend Ken Compton, stated the theme of the ground-breaking of the new facility would be "honoring the past, embracing the future." Part of the past to be honored, even as workmen's hammers and bulldozers eradicate its prior existence, is the Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club, 1956 to 1984.[1]

Background and Antecedents

Samarkand originally meant "the land of heart's desire" in Old Persian, according to local historian Walker Tompkins. He states that it is identified with the ancient Asian city where Queen Scherherazade spent her 1001 Arabian nights with the famous king, Harun El-Rasched.[2] In Santa Barbara, the name is identified with a pleasant residential area, a boys school and later a luxury hotel. The area was originally part of the vast Hollister cattle ranch. In 1910, the Samarkand Hills were co-owned by Harry A. Hollister, son of pioneer rancher Colonel W.W. Hollister, and rancher A.C. Greenwell. Dr. Prynce Hopkins, the son of a millionaire stock owner of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, purchased a 32 acre parcel from the owners in 1915 and thereby established the foundation of the modern Samarkand.

The young educator moved his Montessori-method boys school from its earlier location on the Riviera section of Santa Barbara in 1917, when the construction of the buildings had been completed. The campus boundaries were Tallant Road, Treasure Drive and part of the grounds extended to modern De La Vina Street. The remaining parts of the present Samarkand section of Santa Barbara were subdivided for residential use shortly after World War I.[3]

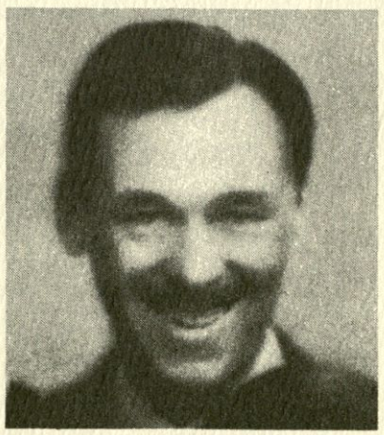
Until recently, many existing buildings of the Samarkand Retirement Residential Community were still largely those of Dr. Hopkins' school and the hotel. He built a two-storied stucco classroom and dormitory building which was the heart of the campus. There were nine horse stables for students and sumptuous formal gardens surrounded the buildings. Visitors to the school, and later the hotel, favorably compared these gardens with those of European palaces.

The garden terrace to the south of the school's classroom building was dominated by a shallow artificial lake of one and a half acres in an elliptical form, which was enclosed by a 1,000 foot cinder race track. The

shallow lake, now planted as lawn and gardens, was particularly noteworthy for its world relief map complete with simulated active volcanoes and running rivers.[4]

Hopkins described the new, improved version of the map in his autobiography:

> The oval measured 400 feet long by 200 feet wide and was entirely of concrete. All the continents and principal islands were represented; but from their coastlines the level descended abruptly two and a half feet so that the "oceans" would everywhere be deep enough to let a boy navigate a raft right up to the coastline or bring a toy boat into some principal harbors, like that of San Francisco. The height of the mountains, lest they be hardly noticed, also was not exaggerated.
>
> The volcanoes were made hollow, and opened underneath into tunnels which debouched outside to windward of the map so that, by building fires with greenwood in these openings, we would cause the volcanoes to smoke. The boys greatly enjoyed this, as also the sensation of navigating the seas on homemade rafts, or swimming across the "oceans" and from port to port.[5]



Prynce Hopkins, founder of Boyland School. Educated at Yale and at London University, Hopkins was an early practitioner of the Montessori method of education, principles he put into practice at Boyland.

The Boyland School located within the beautiful campus was to have a short history. Problems arose when America entered World War I, because of Dr. Hopkins' outspoken pacifism. He was arrested in April 1918 under the Espionage Act for written works purported to "give aid to the enemy."[6] He was fined, briefly imprisoned for his protests of American war involvement and then left the United States in 1918. The school closed, but the buildings were used briefly as a hospital in the 1918 world-wide

"Spanish" influenza epidemic. Then in 1920 Mary Hopkins, the educator's mother, converted the complex into a "small, ultra-exclusive hotel catering to the elite clientele from the East," who sought to vacation in Santa Barbara for its pleasant weather. With this metamorphosis, Samarkand's second life began.

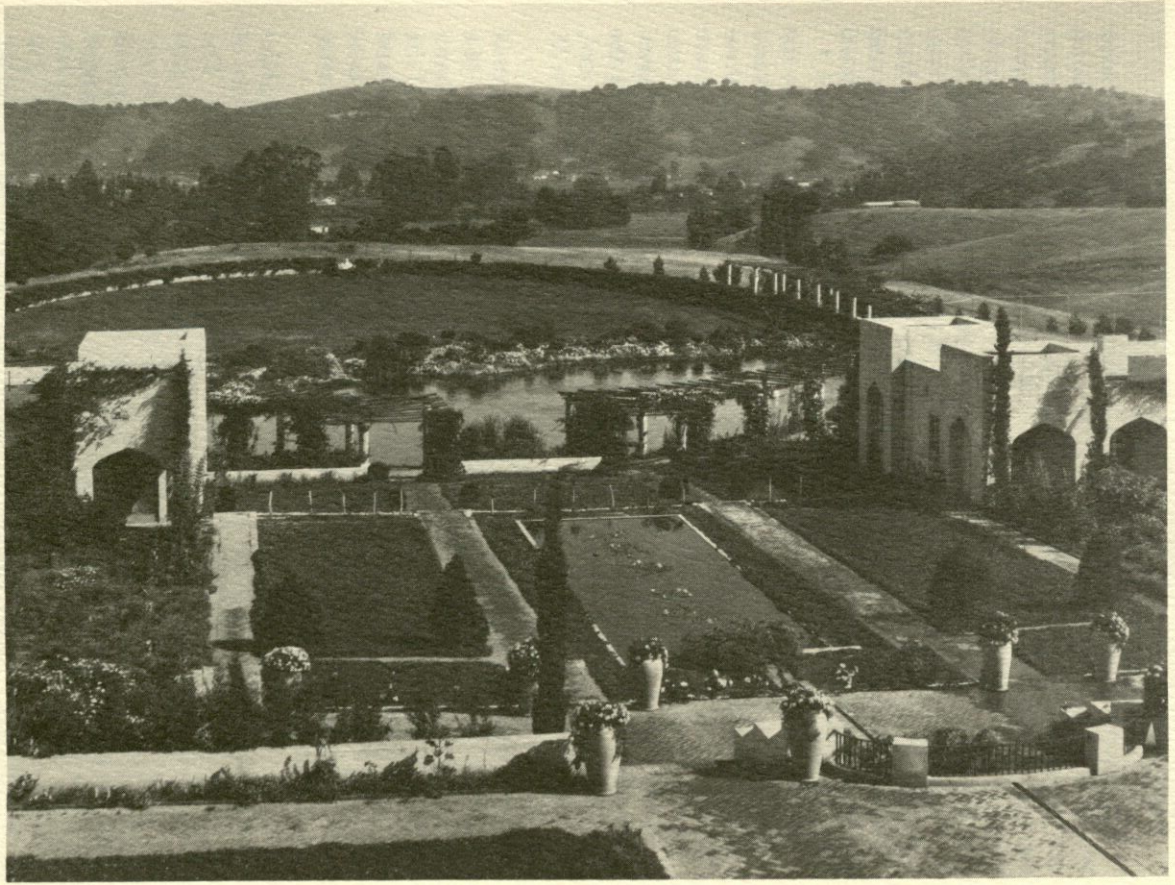
Samarkand Hotel, 1920-1942

The remodeled hotel's opening was highlighted by a gala celebration notable for the performance of the world-famous dancers, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. The historian Walker Tompkins quoted a contemporary newspaper account as follows, "Miss St. Denis' Hindu dances captivated the audience, but Samarkand captivated the dancers."[7] After a fairly promising start in the early 1920's, the hotel began to lose money because of its out-of-the-way location, the negative impact of the 1925 Santa Barbara earthquake upon tourism and competition from the Santa Barbara Biltmore and El Mirasol Hotels. Then the 1929 stock market crash and depression that followed further depressed the "up-scale" luxury hotel business. For awhile in the early 1930's, the hotel's operation ceased.[8]

Prior to its closure, several changes in the grounds took place in the 1920's that would have an impact upon the later history of the Samarkand facility and the basic purpose of this article. The most important of these was the filling of the previously mentioned large reflecting pool. A picture in the Security-First National Bank's well known historical booklet, *Santa Barbara: Tierra Adorada,* published in 1930, shows a rectangle of lawn surrounded by walkways and flowers. A subsequent development by the next owner was the construction of the tennis courts, swimming pool, clubhouse and dressing cabanas.[9] Another aerial photograph by John D. Gorin in 1940 shows these new improvements.[10]

These changes were a result of the purchase of the hotel and its 55 acres of grounds by Alma Spreckles, a San Francisco social leader and widow of a sugar company executive. She married Elmer Awl, a respected Santa Barbara horseman and former naval officer, and Mr. Awl managed the hostelry in the late 1930's. The Awls spent over $200,000 in renovations and improvements to refurbish the hotel to its previous condition. These improvements included construction of a competition length swimming pool, clubhouse and tennis courts.

Old newspaper clippings of the 1930's indicate that even as the rest of the nation suffered economic distress, Samarkand was able to offer a place of pleasure and escape from problems of that troubled decade. The newspaper photographs and news releases indicate that Hollywood stars and starlets, honeymooning couples, affluent guests and a few attractive students from Santa Barbara State College enjoyed the grounds and particularly the swimming pool and tennis courts. The number of guests who had the economic means for an escape to this island of tranquility must have been too limited for the hotel to make a profit, because in 1940 Alma Spreckles Awl attempted to give the property away. She first tried the March of Dimes charity and later, Santa Barbara State College, both of which rejected the offer. Later in 1940, the Samarkand and its grounds were traded for a dairy farm in Marin County which was valued at $80,000. That



This view of the Samarkand grounds taken from the main hotel building, clearly shows the oval area that had served the Boyland students as a world map.

Santa Barbara Historical Society

same year, the new owner, Mr. Leonard W. David, divided the surrounding acreage and sold 32 acres. He shortly thereafter sold the remaining acres and the hotel to D.H. Chambers, a resort owner.[11]

Samarkand's War Role, 1942-1945

As was the case in World War I, Samarkand was to assume a new role after World War II started. Gas rationing, food rationing and war-time shortages prevented Mr. Chambers making a profit from the hotel. For most of World War II, the Samarkand, as well as most of the other larger hotels in Santa Barbara, became a billet for U.S. servicemen. Some were destructive tenants, who, in some instances, were frequent and thirsty customers at the hotel's bar. Although the owner was subsequently compensated for the considerable damages after the war, the Samarkand never completely regained its pre-war elegance.[12]

The Last Hotel Period, 1945-1955

Mr. Chambers continued his ownership and management of the property until his death in 1950. In that five year period, the hotel's reputation and facilities both continued to decline. In 1953 the Chambers estate sold the hotel to Mr. J.M. Kuntzler, who found ownership of the Samarkand to be as unprofitable as had the earlier owners. Hr first sold some of the remaining acreage near Oak Park, and then on December 15, 1955 he sold the Samarkand Hotel and its remaining sixteen acres of grounds for nearly one half million dollars to the Samarkand of Santa Barbara, Inc.[13]

The Samarkand Retirement Community, 1956-1986

With the sale, Samarkand began its third life, that of a retirement and health care facility for affluent retirees. The Samarkand of Santa Barbara Inc. sold the assets to its present owner, the Evangelical Covenent Church of America, in June 1966, but the function of the retirement community of 150 members was relatively unchanged with that sale. Under the church' ownership, the center thrived and the number of residents more than doubled. Gradually new structures, including a modern convalescent center and health care unit and residential buildings, appeared throughout the 1970's and 1980's. In 1985-86, a major reconstruction program began that would demolish the tennis courts and nearby structures. Future plans will ultimately lead to the replacement of the original two-story building with its square towers, which has been a landmark in the Samarkand neighborhood since the Progressive Era.[14]

The Samarkand Swim Club, 1956-1984

When the retirement center was opened in 1956, the new owners decided to operate a small swim club on the grounds of the former hotel. The original intent for the club was to use the revenues from the club's annual and other fees and profits from the snack bar to maintain the swimming pool, tennis courts, and to pay lifeguards' salaries. The pool and tennis courts were shared by the permanent residents and the 100 families who constituted the club's membership. Two secondary goals were to have children about the retirement facility to foster inter-generational contact

Aerial view of the Samarkand neighborhood, ca. 1940. Las Positas Road is to
left, with the bare ground above it, the present-day Community Golf Course
1920's, this area was the site for Ovington Airfield. Note the development
pool and tennis courts, foreshadowing future developments at the Samar
Santa Barbara Historical S

and to enhance good community relations by offering neighbors the opportunity to use Samarkand facilities. To encourage the club's future, the club fees were held to a minimum and it was operated on a year-by-year basis.

From the beginning, the relationship between the Samarkand Swimming Club, the residents of the retirement community, and the neighborhood was harmonious. The club's season until the late 1970's ran from April 1 to the end of October. The hours of operation were daily afternoons, except Sunday. The club's activities were supervised by W.K. Collins, the first manager, who in his annual report stated that the family membership fee in 1956 was $66.00 for the season. The club facilities were available to rent for special parties. Tennis lessons ($1.00 per half hour) and gratis swimming lessons were provided to members.

Nearly every month had a special theme social event with one of the club member families as hosts. The highlight of the social activities was a Hawaiian luau, which continued for the next eighteen years. The fees earned in the first and subsequent years enabled the "run-down" facilities to gradually improve in appearance and maintenance.[15]

The first year of the Samarkand Swim Club was so successful that the Retirement Community owners decided to continue the operation in the years to come. Gradually new developments took place to modify slightly the original club program. In 1958 single members were admitted for the first time and the 1957 membership fee was increased to $75.00 a season. This was the first of many incremental increases in club membership fees.[16]

In 1958 dressing room and storage cabanas were renovated and offered to members for an additional fee. Also in 1958 the second of the two tennis courts was converted to a shuffleboard and square dancing area, activities popular with the permanent residents. By 1959 a paved parking lot for Club members and staff changed the appearance of the hilltop facility. In 1959 the club membership goal of 100 families was reached for the first time, and by the end of the season there were 114 family and single members. Perhaps this increase in popularity was a reflection of the Santa Barbara area's growth in population and prosperity as the research and development centers began to be established in the Goleta Valley. The number of members reached an equilibrium after 1960.[17]

The Samarkand Swim Club's leadership improved greatly in the mid-1960's when popular, enthusiastic Donald Drew became the club's manager. Samarkand started to participate in local youth swimming leagues, and many families with their children were attracted by the outstanding swimming program. Many new activities were added: scuba lessons, life saving certification, springboard diving, volleyball games.

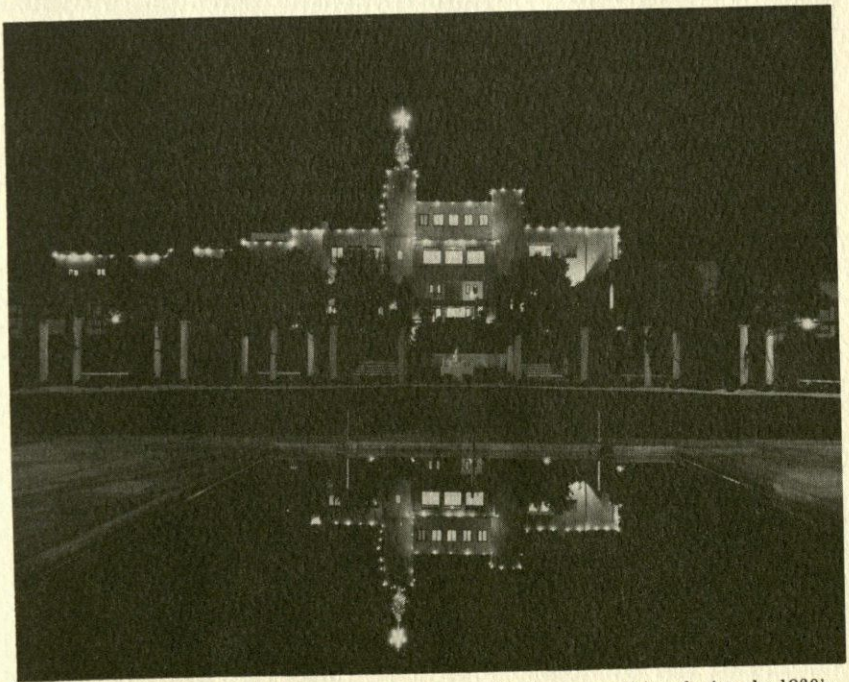
Many more short-lived ideas were tried as well. A popular social event was the institution of Friday night hamburger dinners eaten at pool side. The lifeguards acted as "chefs" preparing the dinners. Members enjoyed the opportunity to visit their friends and watch their children play in the pool on the warm summer evenings. After Don Drew left town, his program was continued and expanded by three of his assistants who succeeded him, David Wenz, David Morris, and Scott Wenz.[18]

Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club, 1972-1984

Pool manager Scott Wenz was an enthusiastic, assertive, physical fitness enthusiast, who in the early 1970's anticipated the coming tennis and fitness "boom" of the late 1970's and 1980's. He convinced the Samarkand Retirement Community's management to refurbish both tennis courts, to provide night lighting and to add weight training and exercise machines. The club's membership was expanded by offering tennis memberships as well as swimming and combination membership plans. This added to the number of members and provided added income for maintenance and continued physical plant improvements. Within a few years, a new building with a jacuzzi and heated pool, steam bath and improved deck pool side furniture enhanced the enjoyment of the members.[19]

In the early 1970's, a division of the business conglomerate, Invest West, assumed responsibility for the day-to-day operations of the club on an arrangement with the retirement community administration. In 1974 Scott Wenz left club management for a career as a teacher and physical fitness consultant, and he was replaced by Tom Riley. Mr. Riley, a former UCSB water polo player, added a club newsletter and a regular tennis professional instructor to the Samarkand program.

These innovations improved the remaining decade of club operations greatly. The tennis professionals in chronological order were: Fred Hester,



Dazzling decorations at the Samarkand Hotel was a Christmas tradition during the 1930's. The practice was discontinued in 1940. Santa Barbara Historical Society

Walter Siemens, Bob Wyreck, Dick Riley, Rick Spencer, and Rob Clark. Under Scott Wenz and the tennis professionals, a schedule of tennis tournaments (men's singles and doubles, women's singles and doubles, and mixed doubles as well as an occasional member-guest event) marked the highlight of the tennis season. Members would watch the play from chairs and benches on the building roof tops and courtside; often a family would "root" enthusiastically for one of their own participating on the court. Play would be preceded by coffee, and between matches there was much banter.[20]

In 1976, Ron Bradshaw became the manager of the Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club. He held the position until the club was demolished. Mr. Bradshaw, a young Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo graduate, supported the successful tennis program, and with the help of head lifeguards Jolynda Castleberg and, later, Tor Hovind developed very successful swimming programs as well. In the last decade of the Samarkand Club, a long waiting list for membership was normal. The reason for this fact was that most members maintained their connection with the club for many years and the number of memberships was limited. New traditions such as year-round pool and tennis court use and post-tennis tournament pot luck dinners helped to establish closer rapport amongst the members.

By the 1980's, the children of the first members from the 1950's were now adults and their children were participating in the swimming and tennis programs. Each year former youth swimmers gained the coveted position of summer lifeguards, who instructed the children, maintained "law and order" at pool side, did grubby maintenance jobs and cooked the hamburgers every Friday night. All these factors meant that a family ambience at the Club drew former employees and former club members living out of town back to visit the club on the knoll in the Samarkand hills.[21]

The Retirement Community's Expansion

However the combination of camraderie, pleasant facilities, and modest fees could not last forever. On February 14, 1983, the director of the Samarkand Retirement Community, Reverend Ken Compton, himself an active tennis player and swimmer, met with the club members to tell them of the future of the Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club. In that meeting and a feature article in the year-end newsletter, Reverend Compton and Manager Bradshaw described the plan to expand the retirement facility and modernize its facilities. The casualties in this program were the swimming pool, clubhouse and tennis courts which would ultimately in 1985 and 1986 be demolished. The members had expected this action, but the formal announcement was a demoralizing experience for all present. Hope was offered to swimming members for a reduced version of the Swim Club in the future; the Tennis Club was to be completely eliminated.

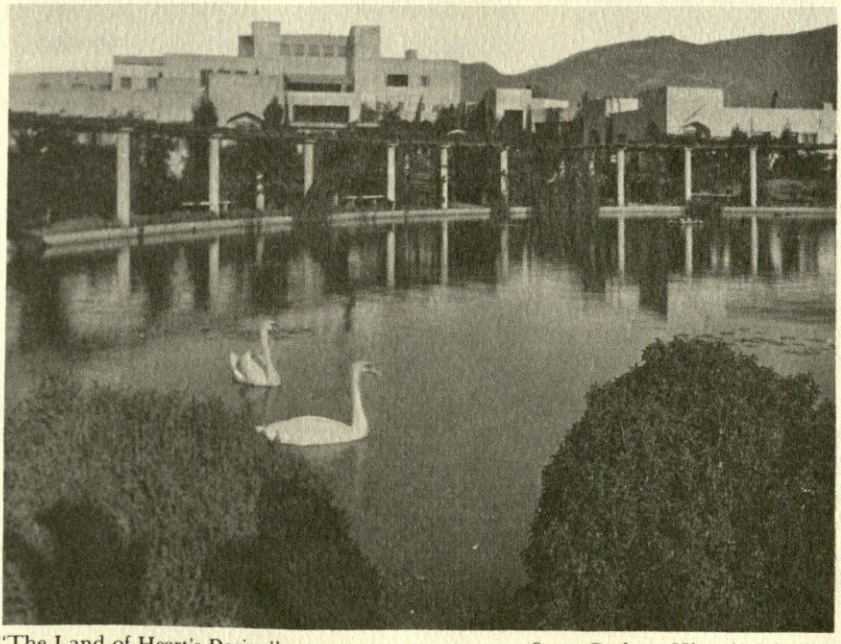
These plans gradually worked their way through the various civil authorities, and demolition began in November 1984. By December 1984 the Club was gone. A few attempts were made by the Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club members and Ron Bradshaw to relocate the club elsewhere, but all these efforts proved unsuccessful.[22]

The twenty-eight year history of the Samarkand Swim and Tennis Club was that of a small institution that added a few colors to the mosaic of Santa Barbara's history. For the hundreds of persons and families who participated in the club's activities, it will be remembered fondly.

The completion of the first phase of the retirement community's building program was celebrated on April 5, 1986. The ceremony and open house at Samarkand marked the completion of a new 320 person dining room, a new kitchen and library. Other buildings completed at that time were new administration offices, an assembly room and chapel. Activity facilities completed included new game and craft rooms, a swimming pool and spa.[23]

The management was anticipating demolition of twenty villas, to be replaced with three two-story apartment buildings. Finally, the original "Samarkand" was torn down and replaced by more functional units, making a complete change on the hillside.

The history of the Samarkand area of Santa Barbara parallels the continuing development of the larger community as an attractive residential neighborhood. Hopefully, this development will be coupled with the continuation of its noteworthy past and environmental beauty.



"The Land of Heart's Desire." Santa Barbara Historical Society

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CAMPING ON THE SANTA YNEZ RIVER

By Sally Gane

A Santa Barbara native, Miss Gane returned to Santa Barbara in 1962, after a career in education and social work.

Editor's Note: This account of a 1911 camping trip is part of a larger work by Miss Gane chronicling her childhood in Santa Barbara in the early 1900's. The book will be published by the Historical Society in the Spring of 1988. The Gane family is Henry and Louise and the children: Fredreka, Elizabeth, Eleanor, Gardner, and Sally, the author.

It was our father who proposed that, instead of spending another vacation in Montecito, we go on a camping trip. He said that we were old enough to learn to "rough it" without all the modern conveniences. Our mother first limited herself to comment that "a change is always nice," but as the enthusiasm of the rest of the family seemed to make camping inevitable, she joined the project while it was still in the planning stages.

We would go over the mountains and camp on the Santa Ynez River. Rather than sleep out under the stars as our father had proposed, we would use tents. Mother would do the cooking, but Nellie and Frances were able to go along to take care of us children. Father also agreed that the vacation would be limited to two weeks, having upped our mother's proposal that ten days might be long enough.

Preparation for the camping trip took several weeks. Mother made long lists, crossed off some items and checked others as they were accumulated by purchase, rented or loaned by friends. Father's enthusiasm carried the project along and he even allowed Mother to restore to her list some of the "creature comforts" which he at first had considered inappropriate for camping. Finally we were ready to go.

One morning in early July two men in a large wagon pulled up in front of the house. As they loaded, Mother checked off her list: tents, cots, bedding with extra blankets, a kerosene stove, pots and pans, silver and second-best dishes, a large sack of towels, a box of wood and kindling, boxes of groceries, a sack of potatoes, a bag of lemons and other fruit, and many suitcases filled with extra clothing.

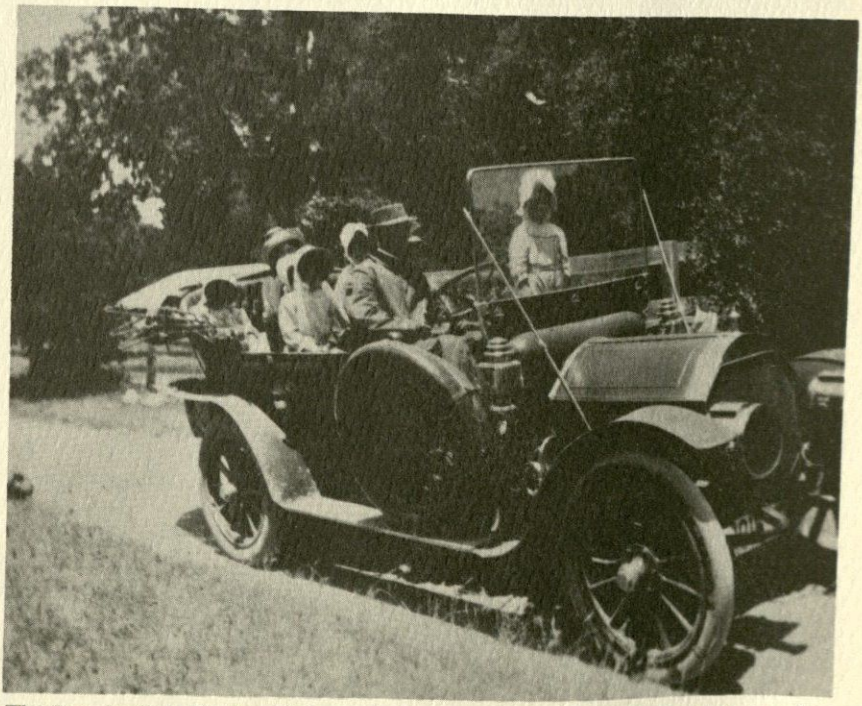
Father gave the men a map and directions for reaching the campsite. Frances, who was to ride on the wagon, instructed our mother in how to care for our small brother in her absence. Mother just smiled and wished Frances a good trip over the mountains. We children petted the two bay horses.

"Don't you worry about them horses," the driver told us. "They've gone over the pass lots of times and never had any trouble making it." He turned to our mother, "We'll have things all set up and won't leave Frances till you get there." We waved them on their way.

Shortly after lunch, Mr. Faxon arrived in his large open Packard. We rushed out when we heard his horn, but Mother called us back; "Everybody go to the bathroom, then pick up your sweaters and sacks and wait by the automobile until we are all there."

While we waited, we talked to Mr. Faxon and admired his car. Mr. Faxon was a well known chauffeur who owned and drove his cars, serving both local residents and tourists. The Packard was his largest, and with jumpseats, seven could ride comfortably and more if necessary. On this trip it was to carry four grownups and five children.

Mother came out of the house, leading Gardner and giving last instructions to our cook, Jim, who was left in charge of the house during our absence. She was wearing a pongee dustcoat and a large straw hat and carried a string bag filled with articles either forgotten or needed on our trip over the mountains. Then Father appeared in a golf cap and his new fishing jacket, pockets bulging with tackle and other items he considered essential for outdoor living. As he tied his poles along one side of the car, Mother climbed into the front seat and placed Gardner on her lap from where he quickly wriggled onto the seat between her and Mr. Faxon. Nellie and the rest of us, with our sacks, got into the back leaving a corner seat for our father.



The Gane family in Mr. Faxon's Packard on their way over San Marcos Pass on their camping adventure. Sally Gane

Just then Jim came running down the porch steps with a big box. "You forget milk," he shouted. Space under one of the jumpseats was cleared for the milk bottles, Father climbed into his corner, and we were off.

The trip over the San Marcos Pass seemed to get longer and longer as we bumped up the mountain. Mother had trouble holding onto her hat with one hand while trying to prevent our brother from interfering with the driver with the other hand. Finally, the hat blew off and when Mr. Faxon retrieved it, he passed it back for us to hold.

Mr. Faxon drove carefully and negotiated the sharp curves with care, but

I kept my eyes tightly closed when, on some sections of the road, the car seemed to hang out over the steep sides of the canyon. We met only one wagon coming down the grade, but it took careful maneuvering by both drivers before the vehicles could pass. Some of the big rocks hanging out over the narrow road were also scary.

"They've been here a long time and aren't likely to break loose in a dry summer like this," Mr. Faxon reassured us. Nevertheless, we were glad when they were behind us and we had skidded over Slippery Rock.

At the top of the pass, Mr. Faxon stopped and told us that we would have ten minutes to stretch our legs while the engine cooled. Nellie held onto Gardner while Mother distributed cups of water followed by pieces of toilet paper. Father helped us select appropriate roadside bushes for our first experience with nature's primitive conveniences.

The curves in the road going down the other side of the pass were even sharper than those we had already encountered. We paid little attention to our father's admiring comments about the skills of the engineers and workmen who had built the road and were relieved when Mr. Faxon turned off on an even more narrow one. Bushes overhung and scraped along both side of the car. Father anxiously watched his fishing poles, but they survived and soon we saw the river and then our campground.

The campsite was well shaded by oaks and sycamore trees.Four tents had been set up opposite the river, which produced lovely sounds of gurgling and splashing. At one side, an outhouse was partially concealed by bushes. At the other side, near the river, a table with two benches, stove and boxes of supplies completed our camp.

As soon as the car stopped, Frances rushed over, picked up her charge from the front seat and Eleanor from the back. "These two need naps," she said firmly, then disappeared into one of the tents.

The men climbed down from their wagon and joined our mother who was inspecting our new living quarters. After a few boxes had been moved, Mother complimented them and Father handed over some money. The payment must have been generous, as the men were smiling as they prepared for the long trip home. Only the horses with switching tails and still munching on the last wisps of a pile of hay seemed reluctant to leave.

"Come on girls," our father called to us, "We have to find a place to keep the milk." We followed him down a short path to the river. "That's a good one there with water changing all the time," he pointed, "and this one is near enough for washing up and dishes. And over there you can wade and swim."

We helped clear the first pool of dead leaves and rearranged rocks to hold the bottles in place. The water was very cold. When we went back up the path we found Mother working at the table with Nellie assisting. "We are going to have a cold supper tonight," she said in a tired voice. "We'll get to bed early. You girls can do your exploring and go swimming tomorrow. There will be plenty of time for that."

And indeed there was, although the time seemed to slide by very quickly. Each day started early. After a quick wash-up at the river, we children sat

around the table and gobbled up bowls of oatmeal or cornmeal mush swimming in milk, followed by a banana or orange. After bedmaking and camp cleanup, we were free to do whatever we wished until lunch.

A ranger visited camp on the first morning we were there. He checked on sanitation and safety with our parents, then called us all together to discuss the particular dangers of the area. He warned us about poison oak if touched or burned in our campfires. He cautioned about bears.They were not to be fed and no food was to be left where they could get into it at night. It might be safe if hung from a tree branch in a bag, but we were to remember that bears are very smart. Tents should be closed at night. When we went swimming, we should watch for deep spots in the river and not dive into shallow water. He answered our questions and accepted promises that we would be very careful, then wished us a happy vacation and left.

Frances and Nellie took turns escorting us down the river. Frances loved to swim and Nellie seemed glad to escape camp chores. Nellie even persuaded us to leave the river for walks along its edge or across small nearby fields. We watched for bears, but saw none. Nellie said they were probably asleep, resting up for the next night's adventures.

The river upstream from camp was reserved for our father's fishing. He would get up and go off before we were awake and was back when we were

The Gane children at play in the Santa Ynez River. Left to right: Fredreka, Frances (nursemaid), Gardner, Sally, Eleanor and Elizabeth. Sally Gane

finishing our breakfast. At first his fishing trips were unsuccessful, which he blamed on having the wrong kind of flies. I offered to swat some which landed on the table, but he said these would be wrong too. He needed a special kind of fly and would make some. We were so curious that Mother let us skip our naps for one day to watch him.

Frances with a big find at the river. Sally Gane

"Why do you use flies?" Betty wanted to know.

"To fool the fish. The fish think they are bugs and when they come up to grab a dinner they get caught on these hooks."

"Don't these already-made flies work?" I asked.

"No. They don't look like California bugs or insects. Different kinds live in different parts of the country. So to fool these trout, I have to make new ones." He pointed to three he had been putting together, each slightly different from the others. "I have to try until I get one which is just right."

Apparently he succeeded, as he was soon bringing home a string of trout each morning. Our mother had mixed feelings about his new success as a fisherman. Fried in olive oil, they were delicious, but she hated to clean fish and was reluctant to ask our nurses to do this unpleasant job. We never heard our father offer to help.

The fish were an important part of our menu after the night when a bear stole some of our other supplies. A flour sack containing a smoked ham, bacon and two loaves of bread had been hung on a high oak branch. Apparently a bear had climbed the tree and pulled on the heavy string until

the sack was within reach. In the morning, we found only fragments of the flour sack and a few crumbs of bread. The bacon was gone and the ham had been chewed to the bone. Perhaps more than one bear had enjoyed the feast. Mother told us that, although there was still plenty to eat, our menus from then on might be very monotonous.

This warning, plus a shortage of milk, made our father decide to take his only trip to town. He sent a message through the forest ranger and the next morning Mr. Faxon arrived with Father's Krit roadster. They went off together with Mother's list of most urgent needs. Father drove back up the pass in time for supper. He said that he had not even stopped in at his club, because he knew he was not "fit to be seen". He had found everything on the list and also a present for Mother. The present turned out to be a long-handled wooden scrub brush. Mother may have regretted her complaints that the dishes never seemed quite clean, but her thanks were profuse and she complimented him everytime she used it. It worked very well on kettles and pans, but I heard her tell Nellie and Frances never to use it on her second-best china.

One of the things we liked best about this camping trip was our evenings around the campfire. Father told stories and we discussed the day's events. We even persuaded our mother to tell us about some of her travels: rickshaw rides in the Orient, trips up the Nile to see the Pyramids and her ride across Guatamala on the back of a mule.

"What was her name? " Eleanor asked.

"I don't remember," Mother confessed. "I just called her Pet or Honey."

"Did you have to whack her to make her go?"

"Oh no! Never. With a few pats and coaxing she behaved very well."

Best of all were her descriptions of the Sandwich Islands, now called Hawaii. After patiently listening to accounts of tea parties with Queen Lilioukalani at the palace, we would persuade her to go on to descriptions of the beach boys at Waikiki, their skill in handling canoes and the way they rode on long boards over and ahead of the big waves.

"Can we try that? " Freddie asked.

"I don't see why not. You can try when you are a little older. Yes, I promise." Mother kept her promise and three years later we became pioneer surfers in Santa Barbara.

Only Mother, and perhaps Frances, welcomed the end of our camping trip. We were up early that morning, and after a quick breakfast, were sent off to collect firewood to be left for the next campers. Mother and Nellie packed up bags, boxes and suitcases, then piled soiled linen and blankets on the table. Damp bathing suits were spread along the benches to dry. The wagon arrived and soon after that Mr. Faxon. We had time for only brief greetings to the horses, before we were hustled into the big Packard. This time Frances rode with us. Nellie was given a choice between riding home on the wagon or with our father in his Krit car. She chose the wagon.

We children hated to leave this lovely spot. I am sure that our reluctance was shared by the horses whose heads were already in pails of cool water. Our mother avoided making any promises that we would return, and we never did.

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